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Inverted Pyramid This Earth

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INVERTED PYRAMID THIS EARTH

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

A SENIOR PROJECT SUBMITTED TO
THE DIVISION OF LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE
OF BARD COLLEGE

BY MAGGIE LOUISA ZAVGREN

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY
MAY 2018

TO ROBERT,
FOR TURNING MY HAND TO STONE;

TO COLE,
FOR WHAT CANNOT BE SAID;

AND TO LANG,
MY PLAYMATE.

ETERNAL GRATITUDE TO BIRDIE & BUZZIE
FOR OUR GOOD LIFE AT THE OLD RED MILL

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INVOCATION

an indefinite stretch posed interspersed & lingering at the cusp of
early spun & refracted gestured line;

I swing in this indecision—a raucous heft
beyond fortuitous chasm.

there is in a volitional stance—the throat poised whole
against the even breath

so the vessel is formed by even stroke, the lightfire
causus strike on the rocks

what we called the *sahil* by nightlight broken
waves pouring headlong as night

the importunity surround; I was full to near-death
out from the clabbered motes

our most impure sigh leading the roiling herds as
a dawn-mast—a cased whole

this I shed in indefinity it is this first soft calm
that stretch & stretches

INVERTED PYRAMID THIS EARTH

ON THE EVENT OF A MAN

tenuous ritual
what oil can do
there the slit each templar
gesture then pull scepter
& lawn across as swords
pull carpet through into morning shade
ataplaxis, synthesistic,
all words seem to be dripping
his speed anemone rising
quell in solitude that squall rising
what meets and crosses
sctriected in absession, questions yet
asked now swallow the tide
my absolute obsolescence
underscore undermine
tremulent I temple I hold my gatherings in fists
foisted and layed on pillars of salt
this crossing threadbare
whistlepeak I think long on your porch
mustard cups leaning
tremendous
tremé
trestle, the thistle live in morning sun
my parting is grateful unto
each pinch of witless crow
what pinches never looks-a-back
upon under these lines
sit, quell

masticate
what sound I had heard
Mexican sunlight being
into me into meaning and you
come back an insufferable nerve
pinching your sun into effected
gracious gratitude
trust sputter till I fill my shoes
what lions fill your cause way
grease underscoreth
in casual flame what sunrise I can
blame & lightfire that sunrise eventually
peaking into a body
lightfire crossing of arms into bowstrings
I see your arm poised to rinse this cross
sour milk the almond hits spoon
softbowl ministry lamp
limewire
infinite light
in this gesture I read man
I read his books
the prayer cycle unfold
catch of what seeps in to breed
how the eye jump into abscess
tip of cloth
where the fold catches
insulated in thought
caught upside crashing
what think fills into introspect?
ink, the blackened hand

printers mark to carry card & dust
carry to fullition, fruition faulty festered Finisterre
o how the rocks swelled against that immovable sea
great Atlantic cliff of land
end, to burn robes at the point
terra each window full out onto rock
crashing & the flame
first mark of man

PASSAGE OF HOLLOW MOON

cover your waxen head with a cup
fire lead you from the room
a pause at the door to burn a flame
against a flame—lift air in chest
holding your grain and amulet, your dowry,
as they phase across your face
the holding is the phasing,
you think it true this passage
of hollow moon—
leaving your house on first-legs
stamping up the stairs
to move through light & wind
all of us are going and going we come
holding an eye to a face what stand between
stasis holds as the nature of light instance of reflection
one follows in sifting harmony
you come right against the image that negates it

FIRST WHITE DROPS

the violence of fetid dream what cut glass refracts
my eternal gravity dance
suspends this lotus
our hearts virginal
let me dance *as you* in your flesh tonight
exited in flight
what tremors lift us now / these first white drops
broad arc they follow from sky

NO FAVORITE COLOR BUT FORM

no favorite color but form
tributaries of late winter draw
headlong mark of asphodel
how to hold the riverbed for itself
into the stolen plane of sweet light?
who should carry these
down into the light?
breath, lenient sun
good eye full of the longest
hollow perfunction into blessing
everything leaning into what I hold
then, create a sentence in memory
beasts pull, then, upon yokes of treasure
here is the mystery of the heart—
so the day wakes and each is pulled
lengthwise you slip these full
where is the outline speaking tongues in the lot?
your head held in limbs of stone
each breaking open as the arrow flies
close into arm
returned to the beast who lent it

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

spiritual exercises,
or, flexing the connective nerve
smooth, placid tremble you wanted
empty your pockets underneath limb of ash
turn and turns vehemently upon a thimble
to wrenching sight
tripartite cataclysm on naked land
first, Virgin, breath of soft antediluvian matter
now unsoft, not-hand, coaxed into perpetuity
of a raucous being-into
morning is estranged from afternoon
you found each land of hers
bathing, bating laying
in the afternoon sun
or any sun
anyone's sun could
unfold
demand
insist & tremble
perpetuity of your inimitable seasons
what of the man
remove from the river
through this paradise he traverse
his tool in refinement
so simply there with its art
may you ride to fill the circle
listen in this sphere
hunted we engage with the banks

the wandering steppe of toothless prairie
so phantom drift thru Esopus tides
this bend, creek turn & again
flexion staid

THE CARESS WE ASK INTO OUR VOID

two early forms:

both soft bodies leaning clockwise into the earth
unfolding the peak of open summer
where darkness shines everywhere
even cloak of unknowing
shallow cloak of this true hand
your passage into water
in-water lay on us before slipping
unheeded
into the borne night
among open awakening
so ground swells into mounds
as black & white masks of moon,
carved twice, pour fourth

LOVE POEM [I]

what they sky may know of these plantings
is the caress we ask into our void
impaled or given breath by
opening into station of your grace
organ sky, or, how I know your clothes
peeled and stained in other-light hours after
grasped at in night pressures of the sun
what touch you affirm through the mere sight

LOVE POEM [II]

ink behind my forehead left me in limp
after waving in February rain-morning
spectacular farce, the vanquished garnish
no—I mean to implore this summer, this
windful movement you exact in the summer light
this is the precipice of your ringed love—
vibrato of a dashed-hope memoir of
this yesterday interposed and rhymed, then infinitum,
how to toe the final line after your soft is not the whole, wherein
you fall headlong through the field
gasped tremendous in fire the stones

COMMUNICATING THROUGH OPEN VOID

breastlight—is the tendency
infernally vicissitude in direction
complete into heart this center or the pine bough
so, then return, this lenient hoop
pulled around a correspondence, correlation
absence, or stop listening to the word

seer sear swine & scintillation the auger paired
relish o scepter
hold your wand among men
sweet grains in the bottom barrel
so it begins again and again as you see it first
always a being opening in the act
the courage drawn from a round-lipped sucré

I see Aydan in light-room
so now I turn—*ışte* we said
sleep into gastric or transpire the
open to sweet so the touch touch
gasping I've had enough in the question
my channel my great open
this is where the snake uncoil
where each morning is only continuing of another
I ask you where you left your coat
we find the keys
and the day yet again.

INVERTED PYRAMID THIS EARTH

he looks on to point the plain
over by way injecture
run bless'd from the fountain
sweet in sun to
bask get tremble
Esopus I slipped sideways
thinking of city where you go
all goes runs down
to think of south as a slope
inverted pyramid this earth
plunge into never vanishing point
where you stand on White Clay Kill abreast oaks
does the same to account
that is lynchpin
inherent in this delivery I send along
wishing stones fervent in pockets
speeding into morning so the river turns

ANCIENT BOOK

restitution to hang your fruit on in the morning
break for a sign of how if it were
tepid & fingerless rats pulled onto hillside
my spirit move lateral to a season
corpse copause the dangling thread
casparian bluet against morning strung
whatever damp medieval lens you ascribe
along a limitation into soft lungs
how did you meet this one you own?
its a love as yet determined by an aramaic hangnail
scratch of scribe, the finger loose contempt
emerging strata in your dawn
this plenitude racks my motions
along east pansybed & west floatsmine
the gauge of the scribe both long & wanton
into the most lyrical night
what sunshine you can
blessing empty tabernacle entreated to
or, the empty gaze of the book
backward, then, into the protoaramaic Greek
pour the solvent
regard the bath, sheets of soft brown
fallen lengthwise on the digging plane.
her hand held over temples of sure beasts
thats the plenitude we drive into sequence morning,
into restitution.

BORN OF SUN-SCAPE

sweetly delivering into pure pressure-light
I cramp in hand—spot tooth I spoke of the
pig-fox in Wonalancet—no, Falmouth
we took a July ferry to an island, watching pools fill in good
seaward truths;
rivulets tore into the glass, you'd have tossed aside
each frangipan torte came your way
ataplasic, ataxia, or the opera
musing, me then turn to nose the sweet cakes
where is the politic in your eye?
I sold mine to a devil of a long-beaked madness
who gathered in curtains of foliage mine
treasures—I pass on into this unlikely word
magnificate magnus swedendom
an atatatat
sing coatitlé coatitlé bring into mine
so prepare the heart.
little room for desert breeze
up here where we pick our thrones
I tore papers in his midst
and the rose caught on the latch
then whatever crown or light you make together
bears the stamp of a long, borne hand.
hold us in infinitum
hold each coach at the gate
touch base, touch the bronzia
return to the channel—
how could you mask the good light of treasures?

idleness, or where is the vegetable rot in?
I stand with perfunction on my soul
poured mask of timeless continuum—
why can't we go to enjoy these turns?
our heart pulled sidelong
becomes a backhand
reverendum to—gasping tremendous
overground, overhanded house
when will we sell the furniture
and steal away down the lane?
sweetend milk fills over the glass
pouring thrice-wise into autumn's open mouth
it is the source of the sun I came down with
not some fever you mark on the breast
thrice I ask you sing sweet triumph
perform a lightforce into good bets
onerous mornings I wake to your
humming breast leaning lengthwise
—no say dorsal, supine, he said
sanguine & I wondered how you hold it—
I looked so close to your temperament
gathered good breathing from good lungs
and then the human condition just took off
up and away as I loosen energy where it comes to me
no more the tyranny
of the open hole, the residual loss.
I'd gather her skirts if she asked
I'd tuck and pull all morning at the mast I know I must
the frigid body demandeth

OARMAN, CARRY ME ACROSS

so the music begin
never with the tepid patter of full stream
sluice shut then open
as if the water had always come
it is, where you put the eye
this thickness, whatever skin you move
slightly or slightened brushed, bursted
forbidden in the house-on-the-hill
or the woman waits for her broken arm
indecision finds manifest song in mornings
after these tired nights or so I say
when does the cream clot dream cut
to real liven in amongst men
so I say then we fired day
holes bored into afternoon potency
the lime of a pure verdure
the tongue slapeth *iste* again
the boy still standing in stream-light
picking his nails
putting dirt under them
getting patted—
we have a consideration
its the twist lightening the spine I have to thank
the thistle never grow along trestle
to happen upon the river again
this pure wet music &
I ask you eternally of the ear:
“I am an eye-man”

I am an earman, oarman, carry me across
to hear one stone man
staid, pliant in sonata form
his winged song a bane
staid open upon this land

TANDEM WE CARRY

who handle us in our dreams
crept in along sill as morning broke
linger hand of that world
impress, rises to any mound we consider as obstacle
what you can see of the face
dawning against that
little light wakening
she is she is she is I am thinking she is
an hour-long hide stretched in that sill
awning, given twenty-four brush strokes
twelve East twelve West
before Oneiroi light again lead
worlds beyond this world
impress rises
where that leads
West, he'd have said
he lingers on our walls
bright in morning sun
an outline he tells
of the frontier that is more earth
the plains or the wind
hollow from his lungs leaning out
bigger than any hill, mountain
grasp an untenable walk
tandem we carry the sprig through the hall
to where
hither brought
you said

last week
or was it
forty
eight
years ago?
the stone awash in light
parcel, tied in granite
stick my hand over and break into streaming light
crossed his body on the wall
buoyant levity of this
circle traced
so the sun pass in cloudbank
it grows and pours who
I love is brought in at dusk
hide loosed from hook sill hung—
brought in at dusk
how the eye see weft of the dream
hand mounted between worlds
where you could turn to say
if you turn to say

LIGHT POURS FORTH FROM SOME GREAT CUP

MOVING THROUGH ME

not just alive, but conscious
and just by doing so you're halfway home.

bleaching doubt—black sun beyond white sun
car passes by the window down the hill

a particular positioning of here
though we don't move with what moves

clove of garlic under my tongue
cleaved hand asks for clearer framework

land me in the middle of the dance
of simplicity *and* grace

to conjoin myself with what has passed
how framework of myopia can be useful

what I knew before—the driveway
the brown countenance everything wears

early mule pads a line from me to your heart
tides carry thunder, carry wind,

it flies behind, to feel the wind
moving through me

REASON IS A TREE STAID

what I saw walking beside me on the road to New Caanan:
figures trembling & light from thickening snowfields dashing
throughout lightfields & shadows of blackened wood

hooded in night
a silver flute extends
trees hold the sacrifice and the garment
reason is a tree staid
the easiest breath
caress me, sail on to windows

where you are held in longing
heart pulled in circumambulations
catatonic perfunction to altar

as if you would rise alive for me
as if, in the poem, would rise to my lips say
 my swinging —
 growing rigid in August wind

what tree can afford all your medallions?
what lightening strike capture you?
my vestibule slips

do you see the fern curling in?
how wholly the sleeper gives herself to wakening seed.

UNSPOKEN IN BODRUM

crisp turn into ruminant underclothe
see, twist into crescent sliver
your unabashed fingerling, presented
intuition so then return to the water
it was a front then it came a still pool
running along breast-streak out to point
each while then entering I said four sides abreast
so the geometry eats morningside
or I demand everything coming into being
the Being you stamp at I say lightened embryo
castrated womb in this tremble, pinnacle love
over and over she said entreat me to the organ

I had a sceptre and I couldn't have been bleeding
juice in the chalice
summer in the monkeyfield
grass overland to the highway
when you see the clothes you'll know
unabashed breast pull the room to light
sex on your petuniabed, petal orchestra
organdy the subject I hone, curious voices in the well
swaying saying into me
—or, the Marquise I dream of
enters the stage on the limb
courage throwing ice on the cake
or, don't let the image hold you—

you know Sumner, the palisade, opening green
you know a castle in Bodrum
a girl skipped on turrets in maidenspans
spilling loads of ancient dust upon the June flowers
second only to the line of sight brought in along day
as comfort bone
as the crest open
so you say heart thread and you sift
entire being crawling from left, to right against

A THROAT FILLING IN LIGHT IN MORNING CAUTION

a throat filling in light in morning caution
this sweet lip I lift & how can I compare
my soft underbelly in any late Augustin
summer? this is the end we are looking toward

the crack of premonition leading in with a small peakinglight.
so the gables hold under duress
we study the moon—how we hunted;

the man exacts a right of insertion, asks for the stalk
shakes fever into tomorrow's premonition
the bleed and never poured only the skipping into incompleteness

what did the word mean, back in that time?
the fruits slipped and fell along the hillside
—what day did you ponder erstwhile lightfire?

how I hold my instrument
what it cannot do in the morning
lengthwise in the mirror light I lose your body
the day giving in to itself

final bait before your stencils come true.
slipstick breath of fresh rite into spring swift dawn
who do you, then, in your day

PREMATURE ENTRY INTO EARTH

so he had laid into hillside
each name a nexus of or enter into
mud fractal, then I stand in my body
eschewing matematik, phizik,
fesefe, entreman, enter man
exeunt.

linking of the interloped larynx
singing Haydn late on Tuesday
castrated ineptitude having grown into the woman
thats the cursor the curse'd bastion
so the monk-fruit boileth overturn rectitude
rupture plenitude gastration
musculature, I flex windward into night
or, now the day a bone on plane
bone-in we trapped that last bindweed
into backward hum, say thank-score
frick city as she had put it
said "if you will" on perpetual axis
touch sun touch psoid
lean into alloy demonstrata

I had said that name
cem, gem, jewels-laden-two full bursting
your eyes hung
ask me where to case these
our own corn-street spice-hole
you'd never have touched nature on me then
or the line hadn't drawn wax from crayon-trail

ODE TO FALMOUTH

thoroughfare
that is in light then limestone
fallen, falan, Fuarè follow out to
Mashpee Commons
rowing a rowboat on Buzzard's Bay
your heart, then over to Bassets
nests, perches, ivy unseen
get into sunrise sunlight
a full nude cast in sand
inimitable

backwards then to Hugh on screen porch
making and unmaking newspaper trident
staves in his hand, the light soft & arcane
his bodice cascading in cottontail canvas

sheets stretched overhead
or, the tandem bicycle
afternoon to
your Nashoba, you in attic under rough wool
Bleeker on the window
to morning
to the moon, as he should
as the body leans
desires and the rush
then, of filling your body with your body
in world
after lights of day into
dirts of night

we sat on rocks and old soot
to make the fire
running into Falmouth
underscore of the mile
the Whistlestop
trains we cannot even count in sleep
or, the lighthouse
northeast out to
pigshead bay or, the—swooped in music
Delius it had been
now in Appalachia the gossamer sits on women naturally

careening then in morning is only this arm
out there the pig-fox slinks into day
empty cans on the sill
these tartans clanless deliverances of color
we shining in the woodfire light
pours and fills and leans
articulation of how it were were it a body
of being of light you fall away
better in the sense of having full skins as it comes
always reserved
catching the eye in a height

what sunrise pull Mashpee to the room
lines come to hang
your stayposts be
emergent
through into morning rays

what symbols you hold
your hand stretch against itself
everything away from sun
pulling into everything
repose lineation of only to pour
unleavened in the grass
this truncated soft thought
only mask I wear as I plunder into dawn
catching sawdust as it fly
from your work

THE BREEZE, THAT WHICH IS KNOWN

there is a titmouse perched
on this place

the walk Birdie and I crossed Blood Brook
to Souhegan on stretches of
where you still swing

light pours forth from some great cup
coating the leaves and bark
“if it were” I ask “wherefrom?”

that great swinger of birches, Birdie says
that which is known
by how it moves near you

what you never hold
what you carry in your glance

and I set the parts
to converge

the titmouse cleans fold of her wing
her beak, her great aporia
Birdie stretches on Souhegan flow

there the breeze, that which is known
what could have been you moving
still you move in everything now

this world where rivers pass
there is no illusory world churning out uses

what converges
what parts heaven's lips

THIRD QUARTER WANING CRESCENT

sepsis
or, entrè entraced
sweet lipid sunshine
enter eating heart
so the plant speak
swell, bask
what fear came in
when the birds went
flexing the tool
this inimitable
iron deft songbird
who enter the room
for pastel rainscape
dowry spending out
under the pine grove
my dalliance
the petals you layed
why is that the only one,
the love borne against
the swinging day?

MEDITATION ON THE FIRST GRADE

already ventricle tendons burnish into virgin plate
pluralist wind, incarnate hand,
the vein of time laid out
or, we're thinking big time stretched in dorsal bed repose

sanguine she thinks of the rising voice over wind
formal eternity in the open psoas

I'm a back-road-taker, mostly an internal brooder
bog asphodel is one weed we claim to know
though I heard you translated it as "verdure"
and the bandoleros made a hoopla

they say a migrating fowl must draw
first with crayons, chinks, & waxes all before the first grade
upon themselves the geese spell their alphabet too early
then retreat

where is the climate for taking up long paper
filling your hand with trust and running lengthwise
on the walls till she hits?
she is guarantor of good hope
girl runs to class and the knee bend

AFTER THE DREAM

this source of the dream
haunt & haunted cannot account
therein
reinvested with energy.

I am in demand of the question
asked again into you
what henceforth is the patronost:

I command
this inimitable mound
of humping flesh

I defile you turn you from corpse to animal
each centrifuge of your body turning
uses in this indistinguished calamity

what sea we breathe
you enveloped into
this you always surfacing in the male

I drink berries in the room
used to enact a scat ritual on the roof
in the night the carafe emptied onto your premature land

preeminent before book
a host of ages & entreating me

let me touch her oldest Amulet—the fact of
her; how to lineate that prelapsarian blue
the hole having not torn to holes

you have no swell on me
I'll keep your basket of gems hidden among the others
our loaves grow fat off the heat of your fever is
our command and triumph.

the printer's mark—protolapsarian centrifuge
destitute pathways in clots beyond *aşkım* to *eros*

how to love the daughter's love
that isn't the question, the precise question
only one of the implorations
of the lost imp sailing into fields of dreams

the waves crash & crash their length
into her dowry—the only stanchion left—& she hold
that stone into the chest in a long hand

these winds move without rhyme
& the plates she makes ever more cracked in July dust

CURVATURE OF THE FLIGHTED BIRD

1.

intertextual anemone
gregarious morningtide
in that all light on the wire
breasts aflame the morning-singers
trapped as one had been
curvature of the flighted bird
I had asked you before all this was sifted
in piles on your work-table
how the bird perform punctuation in an afternoon
how the light could tell a wing from

an archaic sunrise leaning onto
page where I read
your account
speech predicated in a love you'd known
tremendous, wickedly
running & then again.
when you have now—
there is my natured run
ball walkers
in your mouth

2.

this distemperament
equal in length to
boild bone pull knife-thick
silver in the light through cupola
sun-day
I shrink in your woman
festooned in her antinomies
leaching onto exit-air
so she had mentioned the mind
her dichotomies pulling, too

thats the ignited ignitor ignitus
ignoramus the beauty you underscore
in tragic hemisphere
cord-wood, cortege
curtilage, courgette
the ends always moving through the house
seeming legged in night-a-glo
never the soft morning of palindromic ineptitude
that is, hunger threads through your navel-bed
your flashing hand a recompense

3.

I ask—then we enter a room you hold
for this alleviation
our journeymen cannot exeunt;
I mean tremendous gates they draw in dusk-light
bull-gaatch sim-lyon goal-chair thor-var
I heard depth hoar lipping the house
the *depthor* in hammer-hand
marine, no less, life-aquatic
astroid slipped off course
courses to raw breast

ineffable
entry into
lightfield is the tripartite party
who hold the pole at the pole
in development this intralinear sight
is open and yet another closes round
original sin my awakening
so the eye jump in platitude
plentiful plaintive rejoining
we wake before six for morning prayer

4.

walk on knees to wooded flagged slab
primordial forest my munition
this position I take I hold in ecstasy
good uncurling fern-born treasure
measured lineation the gratitude I pass
my unborne & awake the dual thing
so a crescent in the palm-touch
what is held between the light-line
this gasp when the room return
deus the credo in unum

o drone o linger lilt the lowest hold you hold
how long along thigh-tilt juvenile sex-stroke
this erotic tear falling towards sun-source
room full in woodsmoke of a tree felled
your heartfire full in arc-song
this is the execution fed by plaintive tongue
who the ewe I bear eternally
into this swift-torn belly-up pontoon boat?
cache of trembling points the Mediterranean
see look Rosés roses I see
the vessel sigheth in the open plain

5.

righted as dawn thunder through mouth
into lightened sea-day
“hail the mast”
—sigh the flaggéd
gracious is the temperament post
this envisioning, my behest requested
I see the slip in my hand
crackling against verdure breeze
the eyes set-back in head
back-a-ways the roll roll

I see trembled these premonitions
divining rod my wishbone slick in a tear
I dry your frame in that foreign sand
holding your impress under light
fading, slipping skidded light
where ceremony backeth
in this preventative hour
mine dangling entrance
this biopic reopening
aware glistening

6.

the open throat
backed in under truancy
east as the horn beckons
so I caused your scene & your play
my brush then idle on the threshed-wood
a causal backway—ruincy & ethos
my migratory burgeoning
this clepsydra
pouring heft of the gathered woman's
ancient labor

this morning the broken plain stretcheth
one-summit hill-pull, this scene I sit look-a-west:
pool-glow, or we enter the circle by revisioning:
I see canyon rich then my Patrie, O
Babiskino a wishbone,
my sympathies belie my herd
what kilometer you refute
we stand in heated sacrament desert-lot
your antidiluvian underarm
the harbor breached

LEANING INTO CRESCENT SUN

TUNING THE INSTRUMENT FOR FIRST LIGHT BREAK

now is the creation
when lampfire exquisite diminish
fall shoal-wise on a ridge
so his fingers stretch & meddle
I see my tune adopted, turned to elemental
commentary you hold is the
iste I catch the divination
see the scratch each hold as host
goblet to the gallows I had a question of rennet
the gentle curdle you deliver me

of cautioned fallow holds
each in miniature is the grassless gesture
your symbol burning a leafless trident
closed-lip the color merge
—this is the daily circulatory
each watercolor divining levels
toward purest light the point-plain
what emerges as the earliest
highest we enter backward
had I been cesarian

this incision hold me to my form
instrument strung to the wall
my color to return
impresario of this bravado
in the cheek gaining stone in material
the pool overflow the woodsmoke

how to untie your form from that grasp?
I speak of the conversation easily
each level burnished in a whiter tier
castrated tendency to bluff

the fecund migratory element
your unopen cusps
so where then do I hone this needle-nose?
I mean to ask you that question
I mean to say I am waiting on your answer
this fruition demand
co-efforted maneuvers
you say “the magnolia sit on the yard abloom”
courageous cage my anvil strike
in cerulean quietude the castle never fall

what could hold is the final matter
where I long longwise in your armchair
this imminence a withered politic
plates in virgin green
I apologize into the cup
my voice a narrow beam
you caught, and fallow field
hold me in your gathered folds
all I command in the underbelly flesh
softened for first-light break

RED OUTLINE OF BEGINNING ADAM

as the anchor descend
so facilitated these lumbar conjunctions
masticate in ventricle particulate
—thats the form, earliest man
come to divine a passageway
through womb we come
apprehend the tree or ore
castrate on the anvil
the sign of the cross
yet formed in oaken arms

DEVOTIONS, EARLY APRIL

swell on this plenitude
gracious she wept
what sweet
thirsting goads her motions took
the abbey by the portmanteau
alive in extos
ecstasy a question of a turn
revolution towards seaward
landmass, now departed
the Nile call the swift eternity in organ-drone
my mystos
mythos each filling note
on the threshéd floor
apprehension I reap
my migratory indefinity
intricate in a morning-bowl of burnished fruit
fauna as an entrance
I mean to return to ask where the worship may have led
are we fledgelings on the castle-rock?
my ingenuity is as lotus unfold
behind closed lids this
serpent beneficence
the sound of anger
what sound you can attribute
to the falling heart
standing touch of a castrate woman
now flesh and organdy
thresh-tied to our mountain?

I am slipping from the center
though the ink drip whole
good drops into my cedar-board
so the organ swell & multiply
fleshing against my tumult
a hidden sacrifice
my day in slumber
this mammalian migration
each west-a-way till continental break
then the kiln & summer broke out
I see creation touch in a sliver of night
cured, fawned into shoal
till riséd moon

A BUD GROWS JUST

listen, then a bud grows just
leans internal
for the shape of your line
pad along ringing of fingers
I melt under friction
drop into at a touch
seeds, where does it sit?
one hand dozing in the fire
the other unearthing winds
what we've chosen this land
why it has moved, why mountains give
us in magnitude
we see bearing down on
touch in this place.

THE EYE OF THE FIRST DAY

the breath
I'd inherited at dawn
my singular smile
a seduction borne
into wisening home
in restitution
my verdure break.

WIND IN RIVER-BOUND LAND-CROSS

upon seeing that glancing tongue strike
strippeth finitude of pre-dawn
pendulum rubicon the swift unified sibilance
of swift upper arm stroke
against canvass wing this sailed mast
forgaven in winnowed expense
expanse I mean to say the sea opened
beyond Jonah & the carp
what harps harpooned fleshed mongerer
bursting fish-belly-up on the shore

so we slid in the lineated horizon
traversed the canyon on trident-wave river crest
each slapped a ruminant melody
perpetual shift-grist of beat-wave
swaying in abyssum, absolutum, salute
shone shod in gilt, our descendent perch
drawn along this seaborne definity
I stretch the deck beneath intertidal mangrove
I lean in loamy fortitude, pyramidal drift
this fertile streaking zephyr-breath

INDECISION OF THE FLESH, POSTLUDE

when in that salt-bed mystos
I saw your cavern speak
pique of where
your edges etches burn holy-sun-fire behold
I've hit upon the cavern & the canyon
listening twice this dual ear—
the virgin to pour musk-light upon the page
where tomorrow open me in fields
caught listening this divinos
demiurge
the boild sand of Egypt staid in brief respite
even-tide so my infancy blend
your hand an impress in memory
softed in the shoals of divine migration
I envy the light to just break
my slipping palmistry revelatory
to a shrouded hound-song
each indiscriminate river
leading backwards in another
I saw the Nile's open flower
lure a vessel to uncommon shore
catch & coil this ripe snake baits
pulls the remnant flesh into definite ruintide
what I am asking into you
demanded mutiny
bastions I had spoked of the swelled sound
the catching full column of your build
stampeding friendly mythos in gauche

a beast-of-field entrapped in morning light
the fire light pouring
coast accosted in gregarious flame
so my eye slip toward you the early sight
how to pour forth the gesture
motivated foragings
turn-of-throat I find the threnody of sound:
I am a heath-bound migrant in that each
foal treasures a run of beasts
the bestiary in the fold
my humpback your ignited pleasure
I said the comfort in your antidiluvian
this a clearing phase for wanton caesura
billed folds, command resound
each comma, interposed

THE VERB INHERITS EACH POSITIONING OF HERE

I ask the mythos to reply:
the organ-mote a beneficence
fetal unfolded to these alms
invent in abyssum only to pull variations along the bow
my eyes the unseen history of pathways
you walk intimations to the name
holding bleached fireside strokes
deft & privated steps to mold out sand-dunes on the garden
my exposure then exposos ex posité exquisite
is the mystery of touch
of lightfire.

the defiled stone rise
great & lumbar I rise to this gratification
my magnifence my infatuate
inimitable beast-bone, then, being opened
sunfire my minute pasture
under as sound-break.

the verb inherits
each positioning of here
when you become
asunder.

STUDY OF A BEAST IN SONG

cued in step this resounding doe
a perfect fourth
simple monastic triads
your gathered tongue pouring forth
a bestiary in miniature
the youth-herd
minister of delivery
on pure underdone lightspore
a stream in continuum stillness
pouring water from a cup & back again
to rectify each trepidation

HOMOPHONIC SPHERES UNFOLDING

this categorical sinew
mistread along long lines
the final scourge of battalion rumble
I swear names on the April wind
rising in druid light past rinse streak
the fallow field sits-a-top all this
particle indefinite winnow
sommambulate through density
courage on the cross, or this final touch infused
oil & herbs & the blood of houndstooth
tripstitch, secure in blanket-loop
sewn to vellum is the postlude
magnificatus this spiritum
does the effort leak, the final spin
unturn the diocese & shod the mare
yarin the daybreak
demanding indefinite planes of coursing light
a gentle ministry
the herds bowed and reaping
thats the elemental continual lightstroke
or the color had been termed years before the cut
so the stamping yard is borne again:
thorough in feet & marching rectitude
each sommambulism each finite turn
the dervish-skip the turnéd hand
our ruincy in-lieu-of
lay-em-off the curtailed step
what the women wear to gather water or other light

this mystos abreast
thoroughfare it had been
a vibratos this leniency, or to bring it back to the host
the body-in-light we'd seen unfolding ray-bound
on the mount the mystical eye
one hand held to bear as this eye.
the stored played out
the water-gone-socket emptied of pasture
I am the fox-skin in your hand
demanding serpents of the Nile
my threshing floor.
my insipid seed follow you there
to the circulatory arosen arisen abreast enliven
gone in deep to the kill

ODE TO MUSES

lamine wind
causeway the spilled sluice
how to strip the skin in hardshell lacquer?
this immersion, sweet recession of flesh
the complete body of time an unwrenched rag
prone-up the poured Sumerian
or, to return, it is the flow we need to gather
shrine to shine in surface light
henceforth we stay the ridgeline
this song a heeded breeze

A REVERSE HISTORY

it is the whole scene again:
earliest day I mean primordial track
first hand-touch at crest-thresh
where you had slipped over to another shore
the folly we'd gathered a numinous threnody
I imagine it, then, swift than speedfire
an open canyon, chasm chord the organ staid

desolute apprehension
of morning drawn to altar
we were in absolute light
this time, on the frugal earth
to lay in seabed of stretched imago
a misalign shore echoing
resonant wind this passage beyond tides

charisma of the open wound
so the forest become a map in indecision
strike the laminate comb
pulling the hurdles longwise
these varicose pines an unborn ministry
the pre-robe Raphaelite, earlier than sundown-dam
this is the hen-of-the woods, the crownéd jewel

LEANING INTO CRESCENT SUN

understanding, then, that the inception
is an intimacy of gravity
in that, where the sieve is held the silt does fall
so the symbol beats in beaten dust

caution held on a wind-herding into line
what we term the good:
each wrested throttle
a veritable sight

measure a retreat in the eyeline
a passage on to hollow shore
so the map burns, the path outlined in light
this field we traverse

intimating
these fragments
churning in windward turbulence
slip unfounded in the wet ocean cuff

horizon of geometry
container of the mark
a line leaning into crescent sun
summoning held

PREMATURE SUNSET ROSÉS, GIRONA

threnody of woven shoals
this gauzy mutiny each bending to fire
castle-creak
a dispensation filling out
thenceforth
this eventide strokéd in eventual wave
thump-crest its the womandom
turning to sea by blushing
in the holy-waters
fire-tune burdency

verdure
Casparian duet Isle of Roses
I mean to say I saw a woman
stepping herself on the docks
each limpid opportunity full on both ends
caught she'd say, the riptide
her limber folds
satiating impulse of the sea to roil
to live on that
vibrato of a line

the swinish yank we envelop
as color leak tremendous
full plane-tilt
this entanglement known
or what the sea can say
we must: thus settled dispensation

the instrument, all fall away & into
verdure-sea my peninsula
what break lengthwise to sound drum
our duet seeping back to tide

CAUSAL TERRESTRIUS

here I reach on inimitable hill
through patronost of causal time
across a miniature in toad-light—

the man bending to his woman on cassock grass mat
—now remedy of this final extrusion, this limitless push—
sweetened light, the trifold breath

this cataclysm I breathe swift as morningdrop east break
so the sound floods in, I am a doe on the mount
pardoning spring flowers at my mouth

its a rich *yer*, land, or
I see him on the cliff of lawn
folding to the geometry of sunlight
a slippery finality

sugarlift, the initial caution of first dawn
what breaks apart
this westward intuition

the thoughted path-traversed
causal terrestrius
steps away—the motion between
how to just slip to the muscle

cognition into that swallowed motion
the softness & unexpected wet of
blissbone, what I see in my eyes

final cusp of a flower
unfolded, what color is ink black?
terrestrial moon

final glimpse at soft copse the earth,
matter, fruits on the vine

EVERY PART OF THE FIELD IS THE FIELD

so he leaned & asked
limping limbs slapping beech-oaks
the distinction being both here & there
a winnowed sight you plowed into morn
endlessly examining this field

FIRST THOUGHT, SEEN

what falls from the fold?
an entrance being at the finality
each cusp a goblet hold
how to migrate vast & long
from the source of this touch?
as a body through sun
the sight of a lean rind

reinherit the dawn cusp
a migrant fowl along leyline
though only you can see
your pathless motion our stretched bane
I see your full light in a windowstreak
left long after

**POSTLUDE:
STOPT AT THE RIVER TO SING**

without it coursing quickly
in the lungs, this clime has no
bearing on the skin, must be
et to know if today differs from tomorrow.
just there the cliff, those jutting rocks,
snarled limbs in breakthrough rocks,
then the leaf face, this covered hill
dirt or soil or rocks alone, and
yet, these rocks appear, these cliffs say
name me; *söyle benim adım*: then
your voice whispers out, gets in a little
closer from the tongue to the teeth, a
crossover, a muting or the breath
demands the name be said, I'm trapped
in bodily necessity, limping death of
pardon, fetish of herb, the river
and there, a mote (or so he loved)
a still pool, or, just enough to let
me stay—too many jays out
today, can we quiet the earth's
soft beat, this unrelenting drum
for when we cannot join the circle,
when the equipment for my self-same
metaphorized numerology is positively
void in compass and gathered lengthwise
around the waist. please bear down
on heave, say enough paradigms
to tan a lean hide tonight, enough
color gone from these trees to get you
brushing along. heave over limbs

of fallen stalks; and there, just inside
the stream, we have the perfect stillness
the clear and good water listening as
prayers speaketh of, your skin in
morning light just before touch,
before this elemental oscillation grinds
into motion, your voice just a voice
of air against your pillow.

wherever the water turns white
you are kin to me, you have touched
the gland, are appointed guardian
of all hounds, your color shells, the
breath I can give you is inestimable
at just now, where the stream
slips and the voice gurgles just beyond
riding through morning
as the wind gathers behind us
an absolute levity of this vantage,
this course-of-steed, good rope,
and a thick line; we say gather
your planar self and lift your
skirt of indolent summer fruits,
and bleed breast-wise. use a strap for
the necessary measures.

I am a boon to all chance in motion.
when did this afternoon become littered
with these red-billed hawks, carving
out sentences with their punctuated
wings above me? what volume of
light bore its breath to their tyranny?

these eyes haunted in absence of tide
there the photon slips against around it
made, a grace of beneath me these wings
ask breath the light bore to pause, to dash
to whisper addendum at the grey sinking
of today's sun. what good is a bird in morning
if the words have yet to speak?
the head enough for due affection, the body
long before used and thrown to rest among
the women and their language.
there, here, beneath your plague, you
sit and the branch stays sheltering above
your good head. sing back to the river
to sustain this light, if your good breaths
come only in communion. the river
loud enough to be the voice of me.
symbol rushes down the old moss,
mother and her fen, breathes out her prayers
for each blunt sun—that elemental shapestress
moving even the river to kiss what banks she
loved in summer and in autumn;
there she goes, a slippering tongue a dive
at height, and there, the sole birch
the tree in birth, finger for ancient song
—I see in branch thorough is the sitting
through empty passages of great light
staid on through skin, oil, your loinfire.
you have the earth.